

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POET'S JOURNAL.

THE POET'S JOURNAL, BY BAYARD TAYLOR. 12mo. 25 cts. Ticknor & Fields.

A slight dramatic arrangement affords an appropriate medium to the author of this volume for the expression of those intimate experiences, which one usually shrinks from uttering in his own person. The journal of the poet which gives the title to the collection, is supposed to narrate the history, not of the author, but of one of his friends, although no one can doubt that the reminiscences of the former have furnished the inspiration of the subject. The scene opens with the description of a charming rural residence, where the author has been awaiting the visit of a poetical friend whom he was now to meet after a separation of many years. The arrival of the longed-for guest seemed to shed a fresh beauty over the smiling landscape.

Present was here, and now the day had gone like other days, yet still and swift and sweet— And yet profound, as if with wilful feet O'er a floor of duplicated Hours sped on, And one trod out the moments lingeringly: So distant seemed the lonely dawn to me. But all was well. He paced the new-mown lawn, With Edith at his side, and while my first Stood broomed with sunset, happy glances cast On the familiar landmarks of the Past.

I heard a gentle laugh: the laugh was hers. Confess it, she exclaimed, "I recognize, No less than you, the features of the place, So often have I seen it with the eye."

Your memory gave me yet, your very face, With every movement of the theme, betrayed That here the sunshine lay, and there the shade." "A proud!" cried Edith. "Let me be your guide!"

To them I went, at beckon of her hand. A moment the twilight landscape assumed An evening's look, but only to prolong A witching aspect of uncertainty.

And the soft smile in Edith's watching eye: "Yonder," she said, "I see I am not wrong, By Philip's face, you built your hermit seat. Against the summer, when the scented fern, Where summer hazels played about your feet; And here, beside me, is the little spring."

You cracked in aching limbs on its coolness, And here—yes, yes!—this is the very place— I know the wild vine and the sassafras— Where you and Philip, lying in the grass, Disowned the world, renounced the race of men, And you all love, except your own for him, Until, through that, all love came back again."

Her Edith passed; but Edith's eyes were dim. He knelt her, gave a loving hand to me, And spoke: "Ah, Philip, Philip, those were days We do remember now, when only blue Far-off, the storm's black edges brokenly, Who thinks, at night, that moon will ever be? Who knows, far out upon the central sea, That anywhere is land? And yet, a shore Has set before us, and will rise before: A past foretold a future." "Blessed be That Past!" I answered, "on whose bosom lay Peace, like a new-born child; and now, I see, The child is man, begotting day by day Some fresher joy, some other bliss, to make Your life the fairer for his mother's sake."

The friendly host naturally wished to hear a full recital of the experience of his guest since their protracted absence from each other. He accepts the proposal with the most transparent candor, and consents to read to him the journal in which his griefs and joys were frankly recorded. The pages were "written in fire and tears," expressing at first the blind and angry protestations of disappointment, than the slow deliverance gradually produced in the lapse of years, and at length the struggle into a new and happy life.

From the first portion of the journal, we take the following lines depicting the rash, unreasoning despair of early grief.

The thread I held has slipped from out my hand: In this dark labyrinth, without a clue, Groping for guidance, stricken blind, I stand, A helpless child that knows not what to do. When all the glory of the morn was mine, The sudden night surprised me unawares: I see no playing star above me shine, I hear no voice in answer to my prayers.

At every step, I stumble on the road; I feel the world has turned and left me on; What business have I in this black abode, Whence Love, and Hope, and even Faith, are gone? A child of Summer, shivering in the cold,— A son of light, in darkness overborne,— A bird of joy, my broken wings I fold, A scrap of joy, my shattered strings are dumb.

And every gift that Life to me had given Lies at my feet, in useless fragments trod; There is no justice or in Earth or Heaven: There is no pity in the heart of God.

This is succeeded by a deeper vein of reflection, but the agony of sorrow has given place only to the calmness of apathy.

INDIFFERENCE. I. We Fools! that we take the life, And drag the burden all our lives! Poor, blinded steeds, we all submit, Nor know our load, source seeing it, Although with stinging lash Fate goads us as she drives.

II. What does it help, the gold we fear, When we are worn, and halt, and lean? No fresher tastes the dusty air, When Fame's triumphant trumpets blare, And we the road would leave, to lie in pasture green.

III. Nor profits much a virtuous name, So short a time the crown we wear: In fifty years 't will be the same, As if it were a crown of shame, For none will know our lives, or, if they knew, would care.

IV. Life came to me: why should I take The tasks I did not seek to do? I did them for another's sake, In vain: and now the yoke I break, And let the world roll on, regardless of its crew.

V. Here take my days, whatever Fate The worthless gift may choose to claim; For I am weary of my twilight: Alas! to me in life or fate, Do with me as you please, all fortunes are the same.

The sincerity of the little poem below clothes it with an almost terrible pathos.

ATONEMENT. If thou hadst died at midnight, With a lamp beside thy bed; The beauty of sleep exchanging For the beauty of the dead: When the bird of heaven had called thee, And the time had come to go, And the northern night was dancing On the dim December snow— If thou hadst died at midnight, I had wept to bid thee stay, Hearing the feet of the Father Leaving His child away.

I had knelt, in the awful Presence, And covered my guilty head, And wept the blood of the Father For my sin toward the dead. But the cruel sun was shining In the cold and windy sky, And life, with his mocking voice, Looked in to see thee die.

God came and went unheeded; No tear repentant shone; And he took the heart from my bosom, And left it in place a stone. Each trivial promise broken, Each tender word unkept, Must be evermore unspoken— Unpardoned by the dead.

Unpardoned? No! the struggle Of years was not in vain— The patience that wears passion, And the prayers that conquer pain. This tardy resignation May be the blessed sign

Of pardon and atonement, Thy spirit sends to mine. Now first I dare remember That day of death and woe: Within, the dreadful silence; Without, the sun and snow!

A new light now begins to dawn upon the horizon.

MORNING. Along the east, where late the dark impended, A dawning gleam is born: The watches of the night are ended, And heaven foretells the morn! The hills of home, no longer hurled together In one wide blotch of night, Lift up their heads through misty ether, Distinct in rising light.

Then, after pangs of darkness slowly dying, O'er the delivered world Comes Morn, with every banner flying And every sail unfurled! So long the night, so chill, so blank and dreary, I thought the sun was dead; But yonder burn his beacons cheery On peaks of cloudy red.

And yonder fly his scattered golden arrows, And smite the hills with day, While Night her vain dominion narrows And westward wheels away. A sweeter air revives the new creation, The dew is tears of bliss, And Earth, in amorous palpitation, Receives her bridegroom's kiss.

Bathed in the morning, let my heart surrender The doubts that darkness gave, And rise to meet the advancing splendor— O Night! no more thy slave. I breathe at last, thy gloomy reign forgetting, Thy weary watches done, Thy last pale star behind me setting, The freedom of the sun!

The questioning of the poet's heart are answered in an unexpected manner.

THE VISION. She came, long absent from my side, And absent from my dreams, she came, The earthly and the heavenly bride, In maiden beauty glorified: She looked upon me, angel-eyed, She called me by my name.

But I, whose heart to meet her sprang And stood the fragile house of dreams, Dumb, smitten with guilt and shame, In other groves and temples rang: The songs that once for her I sang, By woods and fairy streams.

Her eyes had power to lift my head, And, timorous as a timid child, I met the sacred light she shed, The light of heaven around her spread: She read my face; no word she said: I only saw she smiled.

"Canst thou forgive me, Angel mine," I cried; "that Love at last beguiled My heart to leave the world alone? See, still I kneel and weep at thine, But I am human, thou divine!" Still silently she smiled.

"Dost unrevived worship claim, To keep thine altar undefiled? Or must I bear thy tender blame, And in thy garden feel my shame, Where'er I breathe the other name?" She looked at me, and smiled.

"Speak, speak!" and then my tears came fast, My troubled heart with doubt grew wild: "Will I love thee, which still thou hast, To know that I have peace at last?" And from my dream the vision passed, And still, in passing, smiled.

The following hymn, in its simple, quiet feeling, is an apt expression of grateful and devout feeling, and sufficiently indicates the result of the history, the progress of which is related in the many-colored pictures of the journal.

Thou who sendest sun and rain, Thou who sendest bliss and pain, Good with bounteous hand bestowing, Evil for Thy will allowing— Though Thy ways we cannot see, All is just that comes from Thee.

In the peace of hearts at rest, In the child at mother's breast, In the lives that now surround us, In the death that now is ours, Though we may not understand, Father, we behold Thy hand!

Hear the happy hymn we raise, Take the love which is Thy praise; Give content in each condition; Bend our hearts in sweet submission, And Thy trusting children prove Worthy of the Father's love!

We are sure that the volume now issued will be welcome to the throng of Bayard Taylor's friends as a fresh assurance of his vocation to the poetic art, and a proof that the ripeness of his powers does not belie the promise of his early genius. It shows a broader and higher intellectual stamp than most of his former productions; the language gives a nobler expression to profound feeling; the faculties of the writer, which evince no diminution of scope or versatility, seem to be under a more complete mastery; and the tenderness of sentiment which pervades his poetry is more intimately blended with a vigorous tone of thought and a healthful appreciation of nature.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—PEACE GUARANTEED AGAIN FOR FOUR YEARS! THE ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH SLAVERY—PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

From Our Special Correspondent. CINCINNATI, November 19, 1862.

The events which have recently taken place in the politics of Nicaragua, though of slight interest to the majority of your readers, have been of great importance in their bearing upon the future of the State, and to all who have a stake in the welfare of Central America they must be of great interest. I allude to the election just passed, which has made Thomas Martinez again President of the Republic. A quiet, constitutional election is a rare thing in these turbulent Republics, and this one, although it has excited the utmost bitterness and the worst passions, seems to have quieted down into a general acceptance of the will of the majority. The people of Nicaragua have enjoyed peace for five years; it is now guaranteed to them for four years more. The effect of a whole decade of peace upon this magnificent country will be well worth observation. But five years ago this State, called by the Spanish conquerors "The Paradise of the Indies," presented a spectacle almost unparalleled in modern history. It was the chosen of the war undertaken by William Walker, with the assistance of the present conspirators against the Government of the United States, to establish a Southern boundary, and a new refuge for Slavery. There was no Government. The principal families were exiled. Experts had imports had alike ceased, and agriculture, robbed by the sword from the laborer's hands, had entirely disappeared. The towns were in ashes, and over the smoking ruins of the chief city, the national industry, whose torch had not even spared the statue of Christian worship, erected a monument with the inscribed legend, "Here was Granada." A night of utter poverty and desolation had settled upon a land whose dowry had been "the fatal gift of beauty," and what man could say when there would be a morning. The allied strength of all Central America had been barely sufficient to break the grasp of Nicaragua of slaves far exceeding in richness the fairest regions of the Confederate South. But the work was accomplished, the emissaries of Slavery were driven howling away, and Nicaragua was redeemed for Freedom. It was upon such an unassuming foundation, upon the blood and ashes of the State, that the present Government was founded in 1857. Governments in Central America generally afford the same opportunity for

the study of political economy that Colorado found in Sicily. Said he, "in this country it only needed to ask what the Government enacted, and reverse that to know what ought to be done; it was the most meticulously opposite legislation to anything good and wise." Happily for Nicaragua, her first President, joyous with the morning, "I think had passed, joyous with the morning."

In her most dire extremity she found a patriot President, a man superior to the teaching of his times, who from the moment he assumed the Government spared no pains to restore the country to a healthy condition, and to set an example of moderation and patriotism. Under the really wise rule of the last five years, the State has enjoyed more tranquility and progress than in any equal period of time in the memory of man. Vices, licentiousness and economy have marked every step. The corpse of public credit was raised to life, and the Treasury replenished, relations with foreign Governments established. Exports during the last year exceeded imports, and agriculture has been so stimulated by the generous protection of the Government that the wilderness and waste places have begun to blossom as the rose. All this regeneration has been accomplished while the cloud of filibustering still hung on the border of the State, without external aid and without borrowing a dollar. The public debt, nearly all of which is owed to citizens of the country, has been largely cancelled, revenue has been derived from unexpected sources, salaries of Government officials have been reduced to a true republican standard, and "retrenchment and reform" have been felt in every branch of the public service. For the first time in forty years a people have who will not only support him, but begin to enrich their plantations of coffee, sugar and indigo upon estates which were abandoned by their grandfathers.

Unfortunately for Nicaragua, there still remains a class of men, the creation of past times of turbulence and excess, who make a living only by revolution, men who "latten upon the blood and tears of their country." This class have been nearly starved into honesty by the long peace which the country has enjoyed, but they have endeavored to force themselves to the surface during the political canvass, and have sought every means to engage the country in another civil war. Their principal design has been a political union with Salvador and Honduras, by which they hoped to bring into the councils of Nicaragua the usurper of the Government of Salvador, Gen. Barrios, a bloody and ambitious man who would soon have seized the Governments of Nicaragua. All such designs have been frustrated; the people have rejected Martinez, and have since chosen a Legislature who will support him. His possible opponents and principal opposing candidate have been carefully acquiesced in the people's choice, those who advocated rebellion have been awed into shame and silence, and the Republic has entered upon her new career of peaceful pursuits. It is not unlikely that the next few years may witness an emigration thither from the United States and the actual opening of the Transisthmian route to California. Should this be the case, the people of the North will find the Government friendly and desirous to do all in its power to promote the success of the enterprise and peaceful emigration. Furthermore, the present Government of Nicaragua fully understands the nature of the accused Slaveholders' Rebellion, and extends to the United States its cordial sympathy. It is aware that the raid of filibusters in this country was contained and supported by the very men who are now arrayed against the Government. The worst enemies of the United States have escaped from justice here are now actually in the ranks of the South, and fighting for the same cause, the extension of Slavery. Feeling this, the Government of Nicaragua must be in fullest sympathy with our own, and should be numbered among our truest and most honorable allies.

FROM JAPAN. The late attack upon the English Legation at Yedo—Additional Precautions—The Mikado's Legate—Humored Expulsion of Foreigners—Newspapers and Schools in Japan—Commerce with Foreign Countries Revived—Measles and Cholera Epidemic.

From Our Special Correspondent. KANAGAWA, Sept. 1, 1862.

The late attack upon the English Legation at Yedo is already among the forgotten things of the past, and the daily current of our lives again flows silently and untroubled along. That the assault was anything more than the desperate achievement of a mad enthusiast hardly one believes except the English Chargé d'Affaires. He maintains that the attack was upon himself, as the representative of her British Majesty's Government, an opinion in which he stands alone. True, nothing sorer of such a belief on his part would justify his abandonment of his post, and it is to be questioned whether a diploma more than a soldier should retreat from a position of personal danger. That is a question between Col. Neale and her Majesty's Government; for our part, as Americans, we are gratified that Minister Priu remained at his post, as the spot where he could best serve his country's interests, whatever might be the insecurity in so doing. The varying opinion of these two functionsaries as to the magnitude of the attack is very forcibly illustrated by the fact, that while the British Envoy was leaving Yedo in state with armed guards, marines, and the convey of two men-of-war, the American Minister was quietly riding up to Yedo with an escort of two young ladies, who, unattended by the gallant Col. Neale's departure, heated not while he was fleeing from men, but before he was riding up to the capital for a fortnight's pleasure excursion to the Japanese how farcical must our own leaving Yedo seem. The former British Minister tilted it, and was only too glad to get back on the cheap terms of a salute from the Yedo batteries, so fired that the salute was a further insult rather than an honor, and now Col. Neale, like an indignant schoolboy, puts his back to the wall, and leaves in a huff, only to come back crest-fallen, and leaves in a huff, only to come back crest-fallen, and leaves in a huff, only to come back crest-fallen.

If the left day, a lucky colonel, lucky schoolboy, if the indignant superior at home in loco parentis do not send him back with tears and stripes. But the ghost of assassination follows the unfortunate Chargé d'Affaires in his peaceful retreat to Yokohama, and brands him a danger to his eyes. Bloodier than the assassin of the Emperor of China, he is discovered by the police of the Emperor's guard about his house, hold at Yedo have pursued him to Yokohama, have been tampering with his servants, inquiring where the Chargé d'Affaires of nights, how he gets in, and how he gets out of the very unattractive two-story house, where his Excellency dreams feverishly of lawns and broadwalks. So formidable do peaceful vegetable and simple curries visitors become to a conspiracy increased in numbers, and are doubly vigilant. At the American Minister's, they occupy at night not only the vestibule, but an apartment in the house and the main hall. This strikes your correspondent as rather crowding the matter, and possibly as yielding a point too much to Japanese vigilance, not to say ostentation, in the matter of security at night. It is true that one private apartment must be filled with armed men, it becomes a question of serious import whether national dignity is not to a degree compromised by such rigid surveillance, and if it were not well for the Home Government to look into the position of her Minister abroad, if it be becoming national honor.

The Mikado's Legate has been here, but the real power of the Mikado is said to be in the hands of the Emperor's guard, which is above that of the Emperor himself, receives respect from the highest dignitaries; the prominent Daimio in the land kneels to him. Yet the Imperial officers, while according to him these distinctions of rank, ignore him and the Mikado's real power. Abundant rumors as to the purpose of his visit are not without foundation, and the Mikado's real power is said to be in the hands of the Emperor's guard, which is above that of the Emperor himself, receives respect from the highest dignitaries; the prominent Daimio in the land kneels to him. Yet the Imperial officers, while according to him these distinctions of rank, ignore him and the Mikado's real power. 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